Curse this wretched day so clear

Mine eyes see all far and wide

Thine heart, mind and soul

and all hidden deep inside.

Clouds overhead kept me safe

from knowing truth revealed

Now I shout for all to hear,

My lips never to be sealed.

The breasts so lovely to behold

hide the beating of thine life

and if I could I’d part them now

with one quick slice of this my knife.

That pumping muscle I would remove

and lock it safe away.

I would not let it out again

until a dark and dreary day.

Either that or I must ask

for a misty unclear view

of the forked tongued Jezebel

that lives in the depths of you.